

## PUGLISM

YANGER'S DRAW WITH HANLON  
AROUSSED MUCH INTEREST LOCALLY.

Sporting Men Seemed Inclined to the Belief That Yanger Had Slightly the Better of the Affair—The Fact That the San Francisco Sports Enthusiast Over the Decision Seems to Bear Out This Statement—John Hertz's Failure to Object to the Decision Surprising—Feltz Sullivan Fight.



JACK ROOT OF CHICAGO.  
This pair of light heavy weights battled for yesterday afternoon.

Written for the Sunday Republic.  
Benny Yanger's draw with Eddie Hanlon in San Francisco last Tuesday evening attracted widespread attention, and from all accounts the affair must have been the hottest witnessed in the coast city since the Hanlon-Connell fight.

As for the outcome of the bout, the general consensus of opinion among sporting men inclined to the belief that Hanlon was favored slightly in the verdict. Without detracting from his skill as a boxer or his merits as a hard hitter, the average sporting man is inclined to read between the lines and credit Yanger with the best of the affair.

In a city like San Francisco, where local pride is strong and where Frisco fighters receive the most ardent support, it is a certainty that the crowd would go crazy unless the local man was given the verdict. If there was the slightest excuse for him to get this same verdict.

Reports of the fight show that the decision was satisfactory, that the crowd applauded it rapturously, and that Hanlon was well satisfied. A San Francisco crowd would never grow enthusiastic over a draw verdict if their man was entitled to an even break; the coast sports would want their man to get it.

That the spectators received the decision so warmly seems to show that they dreaded Hanlon would lose the decision, and that they were delighted when he finally got the verdict. At this distance it is impossible to say whether this is exactly true or not, but the impression is one derived from reading the detailed accounts of the bout.

The only thing which indicates that Yanger was not badly treated is the fact that John Hertz did not make a howl over the result. Had Benny and the margin over Hanlon by a good bit, Hertz would have been heard clear across the continent under the Italian flag.

Either side of the case may be worked out as it suits the average sporting man, but there is one significant fact about the affair—and that is, that even the Frisco sports admit that Hanlon will not be favorite if he men come together again. This should give an indication of which way the tide of battle tended towards the close.

Even if Yanger got slightly the worst of the decision, he has no right to object. He has received the best end of enough verdicts when fighting in Chicago to give the other fellow a chance to get a good draw with a good and game battle Tuesday.

Whether his hand was badly hurt in the seventh round remains to be seen. He used it at intervals, so it could not have been very seriously injured. His style of fighting at that did not appear so formidable to Hanlon as was expected. The Frisco boy not only outboxed him at stages, but mixed with him to advantage.

There is no doubt about one thing—that the West has certainly turning out good fighters. Both Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries are California products, and they have the heavy-weight championship between them to battle for in August. Frankie Neil, one of the coming men in the bantam division; Abe Attell, one of the best men in the feather-weight class, and Eddie Hanlon, who must be considered the strongest kind of a factor in the new feather-weight division, all hail from Frisco.

Explanations are various as to why the West should turn out such a galaxy of good pugilists. It is no new thing for Frisco to be well represented in the ring. As Joe Chynowski and other California fighters were always well to the fore. About the most plausible explanation is the fact that the men receive enough support from the fighters of the city to justify the clubs in putting on local men.

If the Frisco boys are given every chance and are good drawing cards, there is no reason for the city not to turn out high-class fighters. The question of climate has often been advanced as a cause for Frisco's representation in the ring. In reality this has probably little to do with it.

There can hardly be a more opposite climate to that of Frisco than that of Chicago. Yet the city by the lake is about equally well represented in the ring. Jack O'Keefe and Benny Yanger, to say nothing of Harry Forbes, will hold up the Illinois and pretty well.

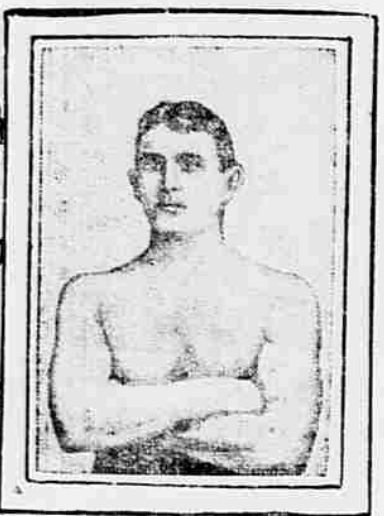
When Yanger tied with Hanlon and when O'Keefe met Britt, the Frisco light-weight, Illinois did not suffer any in the result. So the climate can have little to do with the class of pugilists that give the California men an advantage in the way of milder atmosphere and better air than murky Chicago can offer.



TOMMY FELTZ OF SAVANNAH.  
Northern-weight pugilist, who meets Sullivan next Thursday.

Several offers have been made Doyle for Regan to meet different men in various parts of the country. One match has been offered him at Fort Erie, and Jack Herrmann has stated that he will endeavor to get Harry Forbes at his opponent.

Another match between Feltz and Regan would be a good drawing card, and such an affair may be arranged in the near future if the managers of both men can get together on the weight question. Otto Richter, who keeps a paternal eye on Feltz, states that he is willing to send his man



GEORGE GARDNER OF LOWELL.  
The champion of their class at Fort Erie yesterday afternoon.

Chicago men were given numerous try-outs in their home clubs. San Francisco boxers were accorded the same privilege in their home city. This kind of being given an opportunity is doubtless the explanation of the affair to witness the flood of good fighters turned out by New York and Brooklyn when the Horton law made New York the center of pugilism.

Once the game was wiped out in New York, the output of fighters from the East continued to decline in quality. Brooklyn's Tommy Sullivan, Terry McGovern, Jack McDaniel of Pittsburgh, Tim Callahan of Philadelphia, all were products of the Horton law, and two years and one-half ago Syracuse Tommy Ryan was another Easterner, although he dates back eighteen years or more. Men of the sort mentioned are not being produced in the East nowadays.

Sullivan and McGovern could outclass men now being turned out by the Eastern clubs, such as Briggs of Boston, Doyle of Philadelphia et al. Joe Gans was produced in the Horton law period so he may be ranked



BENNY YANGER.  
Chicago feather-weight, who battled to a draw with Eddie Hanlon at San Francisco last Thursday.

to Baltimore's credit. What lightweight has been produced in the East lately who can hold a candle to him?

Experience in the ring, chances to watch a good man work and to train with high-class fighters mean much to the rising generation of pugilists. Whenever conditions make this state of affairs possible and the game flourishes long enough and generally enough to give the newcomers experience, high-class men are generally the result.

Whenever the game becomes spasmodic, as in this city, when local men fall to receive parts of the country, one match has been offered him at Fort Erie, and Jack Herrmann has stated that he will endeavor to get Harry Forbes at his opponent.

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against any boy in his class. So it should not be difficult to arrange such a fight.

Tommy Feltz and Tommy Sullivan will meet in this week's battle at the West End Club. The fight is of more than ordinary promise, on account of the merits of both men, and the bout promises to afford a welcome relief from some of the farcical affairs that have been carried in the last six months.

In the last meeting of the pair, Feltz was given the decision on a foul after the fight was well advanced. Sullivan had had the better of every round to that point, he was endeavoring to land his left shift, he sent a blow into Feltz's groin which rendered the Savannah man being given the verdict.

Up to that stage, the contest had been a pretty spectacle. Feltz had followed his

BOSTON WAS A GREAT RACE HORSE  
AND SIRE OF A WONDERFUL SIRE.

Progenitor of America's Most Successful Line of Thoroughbred Runners Would Not Endure to Be Touched With Whip or Spur  
—Senator Blackburn Tells of His Peculiarities.

Written for the Sunday Republic.

"Race-track devotees nowadays want quick action for their money," says Senator Blackburn of Kentucky. "When I was a young man the betting proposition was subsidiary to the sport, and was in the nature of side wagers between owners. Now racing has grown to be a game wherein every one who loves the thoroughbred for what he is and what he can do regrets that he has of late years become to a large extent the tool of the gambler."

"I also think a ray of light, however, is penetrating the clouds which hang over racing when men like William C. Whitney, August Belmont, S. S. Howland and numerous others who might be mentioned become interested in it. It is not the scold end of it that these men seek, but the glory of seeing their horses win. And I may add in this connection that the spirit thus manifested was that which animated our fathers and the rock on which they built."

"THE OLD FOUR-MILE DAYS."  
"My father was among the best citizens of Kentucky who bred, trained and raced horses. Blackburn's Whip, whose blood has blended so kindly with trotters and thoroughbreds, was his property. Boston, sire of the immortal Lexington, died in my father's stable, and the great and unbeaten Eclipse was in my father's possession in the years 1857 and '58. These horses were the champions of their day, and the greatest of their generation; they were not far from sprinters, but four-milers."

"It will hardly be believed, in these days of palatial stables, that while these valuable horses were in my father's care they occupied a very ordinary log stable, through which the winds whistled on winter nights, and through which the snow drifted on occasions. When Boston and Eclipse were brought to Kentucky they did not make the trip in palace cars, as do the costly thoroughbreds of today; walking was good enough for them, and it was by walking every inch of the route that they reached their destination."

"HOW BOSTON DIED."  
"Boston caught cold on the way to Kentucky and went blind soon after his arrival. I was a small lad at the time, and used to visit Boston's stable every morning to see him. In the fall of 1858, then 17 years old, he began to grow decrepit from the effect of severe racing and duties in the stud, and frequently had to be helped to rise. When on his feet he seemed to be all right again, and able to take his morning exercise. Early one morning in the year named he slipped out of the house and down Boston's stairs. The door was closed and fastened within."

"Hammered on it and clamored for admittance. The door was cautiously opened far enough to admit the passage of my body, when a black hand seized me by the hand and dragged me inside. I was no sooner in than the groom was out and the door fastened. I took the matter good-naturedly until my eyes became accustomed to the light, when I saw something that curdled the blood in my young veins. Boston was lying on his side in a corner of his stall, and great splashes of blood were on the wall. In his dying struggles he had beaten his head against the logs. I screamed lustily for the groom, and, seeing he had carried the joke far enough, he came to my rescue. My life has been in danger a score of times since on battle fields and elsewhere. This was never quite so badly scared."

"BOSTON'S INDIVIDUALITY."  
"I presume I am among the very few men living who ever saw Boston. He was the greatest race horse and race-horse sire of his day, and his descendants are even now racing at the track. Boston was bred by the late eminent jurist, John Wickham of Richmond, Va., foaled in 1833, and was got by Timoleon, by Sir Archy, out of an own sister to Tuckahoe, by Ball's Florizel, a horse that during his turf career was never touched by whip or spur and was never beaten. The greatest credit of Boston was never fully traced. In his 2-year-old form, and while he was unbeaten, he was sold to Mr. Nathaniel Rives of Richmond, Va., for \$800."

"A peculiarity about him was that he could not be safely ridden with a spur. In his first race he killed because his rider used a spur on him, and was distanced. He was never again ridden with a spur until he ran against Fashion in his old age, and was beaten. In 1859 he became the property of James Long of this city for \$12,000 and half the purse. Boston was a chestnut horse, with a blaze in his face and white stockings behind. He stood fifteen hands, three inches under the standard, but looked taller on account of his prodigious size."

"He was a short-bellied horse, with unusually short cannon bones. His eye, ear and nostril were fine, but his head was not what you could call pretty. His neck came out well from his shoulders, the latter being oblique, broad and muscular. His depth of chest was immense, and his throat perfect."

"His back was the prodigy of strength, as well as his loins, so that ten pounds extra weight was not felt by him at the end of a hard day. The muscular development of his arms and thighs was almost unparalleled. He ran close to the ground and was not a long strider. Usually he began a race without much show of spirit, running the first two or three miles with his head nearly on a level with his back. When he began to get warm and interested in the running his head was gradually elevated, and when he drew it up he set at work in earnest. Then you saw a sure-enough race-horse, for he locomotive on four legs that tried every available leg to go the pace with him."

"ECLIPSE RELATED TO BOSTON."  
"Eclipse was also a chestnut horse, and was foaled nineteen years earlier than Boston, or, to be exact, in 1831. Eclipse was by Quoro, or, imp. Diomed, the latter being Boston's great-grandfather; dam Miller's Damsel, by Messenger, the great-grandfather of the Hambletonian family. Founder of the Hambletonian family of trotters. He was bred by General Nathaniel Coles of Long Island, and his training commenced as a 2-year-old. He had a star on the forehead, and his left hind foot was white some

against any boy in his class. So it should not be difficult to arrange such a fight.

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Up to that stage, the contest had been a pretty spectacle. Feltz had followed his

straight boring-in tactics, only to be met by straight punches as he came in. Sullivan had the edge at the time the bout closed, but Tommy was undoubtedly coming in, when they line up against Corbett, each must be conceded to be a tough opponent for the champion.

Corbett follows his usual tactics of falling to train for these bouts something stirring to happen. The bout with the winner will take place about July 25.



PITTSBURG PHIL, George E. Smith.  
The only man who ever made and kept a lot of money playing horse races.

rather grapes from thistles, nor tips from thorns. Nature works more intelligently. "She never performs miracles, but produces results through natural laws. The supreme trial of the Arabian consists in being mounted at midnight, and carrying his master 100 miles across the desert without food or water. In this style of racing he could beat Hamburg, Henry of Navarre, a Tenny or a Salvador. The truth is, the Arabian has not been subjected for 20 years or more to a scientific course of training and preparation to run one mile or four miles, and having no cultivation of will nor consciousness of power to beat other fast and plucky horses."

"HENRY CLAY AND BOSTON."  
"While Eclipse was in my father's stable my father received one day an unexpected visit from Henry Clay, who was accompanied by several gentlemen from Fayette and Woodford counties. They had been fox hunting in the immediate neighborhood. Mr. Clay was a connoisseur of thoroughbreds and a breeder of them, and was very anxious to see the horse that had won world-wide fame on the turf. My father was peculiar, in that every horse he owned or had charge of was a trifle better than his predecessor. And, as he was a fluent talker and could describe all the good points of a horse, he was a very popular man. The subject of the Arabian was drawn out 'Uncle Ned,' as my father was called."

"After Eclipse had been viewed and admired the guests adjourned to dinner. Mr. Clay was in excellent spirits. While the wine was being passed he raised his glass to his lips and proposed the health of my father and the health of Eclipse, 'the greatest horse on the continent.' My father was not to be outdone. Filling his glass and rising slowly from his seat and bowing to Mr. Clay, he responded: 'Eclipse is among horses, and Eclipse is among men. This display of equanimity and regard for Mr. Clay on edge, and he complimented as only 'Gallant Harry of the West' could when he was at his best. Eclipse lived to be 33 years old, and died at the farm of J. J. Yates, near Shelbyville, Ky."

"THE BREEDING PROBLEM IS A PROFOUND study, for those who seek to solve it enrich mankind. It is not and never can become an exact science. I state this as an abstract proposition without going at this time into the why and wherefore. I know Mr. A. Keene Richards, who attempted to solve it by importing Arabians, very well indeed. He was an excellent man, an enthusiast, and deserved a better fate than was his. As Senator McCreary has already said in the Star, he bred his Arabians with the very best blood that could be found in Kentucky. When his youngsters came on the turf they were badly beaten. Trifling who disbelieved his theory, that the Arabian could fertilize the blood of the modern thoroughbred, and then, seven pounds, and they were beaten. First they made the generous concession of fourteen pounds—equal to a double distance—and still they were beaten."

"Mr. Richards did not give up the fight. Accompanied by the eminent animal painter, Troy, he turned his face once more toward the Orient. He lived with the Arabs in their tents. He ate and slept with them, worked with them, and dressed like them, and all for the purpose of getting the best Arab horses to be found among the descendants of Ahmaal. He studied and rode Arab horses until he could judge of conformation, disposition and type, and he was especially careful to purchase nothing that could not be traced in an unbroken line to

one of the mares of the prophet. His later purchases proved as great failures as his first. WERE NOT BRED TO RUN.

"Now, as to the facts. Mr. Richards did not comprehend what every successful breeder must comprehend, that the horse has a physical as well as a physical organization, and that these Arabs had no inheritance of a racing will. Having it not themselves, how could they transmit it to their progeny? It is as plain as the nose on one's face that you cannot make a good whistler from the tail of a pig, nor can you

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## LACK OF GOOD JOCKEYS AT DELMAR.

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SERIOUS DRAWBACK TO DELMAR.

Owners Racing at St. Louis Do Not Employ Good Riders—W. W. Darden the Only St. Louis Man Who Is Willing to Pay for a Capable Jockey—Two Stakes to Be Run at Delmar This Week.

Lack of good jockeys is the only drawback to the Delmar meeting.

The management has done everything in its power to make the meeting a success, but the owners of the tracks cannot force the horse owners to hire fashionable jockeys.

The explanation for the lack of good riders at St. Louis this season lies in the unwillingness of St. Louis horse owners to pay fancy retainers. First-class riders cannot get the big money. None of the prominent St. Louis owners seems willing to pay for the services of a first-class rider.

Schreiber, Hayes, Hughes and Lemp all have second-class jockeys riding for them. As soon as a good boy is developed here the owners will bid for his services. No St. Louis owner seems to want a jockey that will cost him a retainer.

Take the case of L. Wilson for example. While he was riding here, for some time, Schreiber, Hayes and Lemp all broke him to ride their horses. None of them ever thought of buying the boy's services from John Burrows, however. San Hareth then stepped in and captured the boy. He is now riding for Schreiber, who can hardly be blamed for selling their services, as they are lucky enough to develop a jockey.

In the old days, when Bennett and Schorr had here, St. Louis always had two or three first-class riders. Instead of selling jockeys these men were always on the lookout to buy the contract on a good boy. The purses and stakes in those days were not as valuable as they are now, either.

In comparison with the patronage accorded the Chicago and New York tracks, the St. Louis tracks distribute more money among the horse owners than the big metropolitan jockey clubs. The horse owners here make a serious mistake in letting the St. Louis and New York owners beat them to all good jockeys.

W. W. Darden is the only man racing at St. Louis who will pay for a good rider. He gave a good price for A. W. Butler, and 1428 him a fine salary.

TWO STAKES AT DELMAR.  
The Delmar Jockey Club's weekly racing programme for the coming week includes two stakes.

The July, a selling sweepstakes for 2-year-olds and upward, will be run next Thursday at the Gasconade for 2-year-olds. The July, a speed stake, all the best sprinters in the West being eligible to start in the stake, which will be run at six furlongs. Ed Trotter's big sprinter Spoor, Harry Schreiber's Styling Gallop, O'Neill's Frank Bell, W. S. Elliott's Helio, and O'Neill's St. Minor, are some of the entries. J. D. Bove and W. W. Darden's A. D. Gilson are a few of the speed wonders eligible to start in Schreiber's stake.

July and the Gasconade will be run next Saturday. The Gasconade is the stake that ran such a brilliant race in the St. Louis Derby at the Fair Grounds last month. He is considered the best 2-year-old in Schreiber's stable. Deutschland made all the pace in the St.

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